A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, October 1. 1709.

I Made a wild Digreſſion in my laſt, upon the Miſchief done in this Nation, and eſpecially among our Parties, by a famous well-known Child of the Devil, call'd RUMOUR.

I had gone on to ſhow you ſome other Miſchiefs, this evil Spirit has done to *Scotland*, but I muſt turn out of that Road a little, to divert you upon another Part of that Subject; I told you, how ſhe was turn'd over to the *Jacobite* Intereſt, and how diligently ſhe had ſerv'd them; how carefully they had entertain'd her, and how at ſome Intervals of Time ſhe was hir'd out to the *Stock-jobbers*; and indeed this double-tongu'd Devil has been one of the chief Inſtruments they have carry'd on all their Deſigns with, and having her in their Pay, they made her run, and go, and fly, and do whatever they found ſuited their Occaſion.

I could run it back as far as the Original of *Stock-jobbing*, eſpecially that Part of it, where Trick and Intrigue began to have any Share in their Affairs—— And in the Praiſe of this Engine of Miſchief, could ſhow you, how faithful ſhe has always been to their Intereſt, and what Service ſhe has done them; how ſhe has beaten Armies that never engag'd, taken Towns that never were beſieg'd, made Peace where there was never any Treaty, and War where there was never any Quarrel; pick'd Pockets, rais'd Beggars, ſunk good Eſtates, and ſtock-jobb'd the whole Nation.

She

She had at first several little Cells in *London* about the *Exchange*, where she spun her fine Webs of Air, and reverberated as she thought fit. These were call'd Wager-Offices, which being found sufficiently mischievous both to publick and private Affairs, she was routed from those Receptacles by Act of Parliament, and forc'd to decamp—There she had a compleat Laboratory; the Office-Keepers were the Anvils, and the Wagering-Sharpers the Cyclops, that hammer'd out of thin concocted Air—the substantial Species of flying Report, made Story, invented Relation, Fiction, Fancy, Dream, and all Sorts of RUMOUR.

Hence she sent them form'd according to her Infernal Art, and directed them to fly this way or that, as it best serv'd the Occasion—But these Forges of Intelligence being demolish'd, she lives now more in the open Air, and keeps her Camp in *Exchange-Alley*; here she clips and coins in the Face of the Sun, without Fear, without Modesty, without Truth, without Reason, or without Bounds.

From hence she dismisses her innumerable Emissaries, to *cry up* or *cry down* any Kind or Sort of *Reports*, as may serve for the Interest and present Occasion of her Masters the *Stock-jobbers*—— If it be convenient for the publick Good of the Corporation of State-Coblers, that a Probability of Peace should appear——She opens the *South* Side of her Faces, *for she has many Sets and Sides of Faces looking every way*, that the warm Sun may represent her soft and calm, agreeable to the Report of Peace; if War be in her Politicks, and she has Occasion to make us all chagrin—She looks rough and *Northerly*, and cries out, Nothing but Blood and Battle.

If any Action has happen'd abroad, she expects the sole Telling of the Story her self, and forms it just as serves the Turn of her Employers; just at her Heels come the Stock-jobbing Brokers, *like Gleaners* behind the Reapers——These dive into the Purse and Cabinets of the ignorant People, deluded first, and prepar'd by this forerunning Cheat, this Vapour of Air that went before, call'd RUMOUR. These are the Mountebanks, and RUMOUR is the *Merry-Andrew*; RUMOUR, like *Jack-Pudding*, draws a Croud about the Stage; the *Stock-jobbers*, like the Pick-Pockets, dive among the Croud, then the Brokers, like the Doctor, harangue them on the Stage; like him, they hold the Poyson in one hand, and the Antidote in the other; only with this Difference, they give the Poyson, and cheat you of the Antidote; they hold it out indeed make you believe it is ready, and tempt you to the Hazard, but they often put it off, or out of Reach, and so the Patient languishes and dies.

Now, Gentlemen, let us see what is this RUMOUR doing with us now?——How is she magnifying our Loss, exalting the *French*, crying down our Victory, lessening our Conduct, and in short doing all she is able to do, to discourage and dishearten us in the Affair of the War?—— And what is the Substance? Only to serve her Masters the *Jacobites*.

Now shall we see the Fraud a little in this Affair of the Victory——How has RUMOUR done all it could possible to run us down, discourage, and dishearten us; to double our Loss of Men, tell us we have receiv'd a Cheque; that we dare not go on, that we dare not undertake the Siege of *Mons*; that they are in the Field again, and as strong as ever, ready to attack us again; and that the Season of the Year is so far gone, that we dare not sit down before such a Town as *Mons*.

Now pray, Gentlemen, observe it, at the Heels of these Reports Stock falls, the Jobbers sigh and look green, as if all was going——Will you remember, this is only a Trick to hook you in to sell your Stock, a meer Fraud to shock your *Stock-jobbing* Courage, in short a meer *Rumour*.

It is true, the *French* have made a long Resistance, fought bravely, and kill'd us a great many Men——But what then? If they are kill'd, you must find more; you must continue to push them, and fight on every Occasion; this will prove *Rumour* to be a Liar, and you will find in the End, the *French* are beaten in all the Articles that denominate an Enemy to be beaten——

Loss

Loss of Men must not dispirit us; we must lose Men, and we must lose them on every Occasion; and let the Number be what they will—they are to be lost——— It is the War we seek in order to Peace; and tho' otherwise Mens Lives are of infinite Value, yet in this Case we must not value them, that is, not value them in Competition of the Cause we are upon; Our Soldiers are the *Enfans Perdue* of *Europe*, and must be sacrific'd to the compleating of the War; if we could spare the honest brave Fellows, we would; *but it cannot be*; they must be given up, and we must be no more concern'd at it; *it must be done*, there is no Remedy.

And after all, let not the *French* boast of Conquest, the End is vastly different; to beat the *French* heartily, is to end the War; to beat the Confederates, is only to protract and delay the War——— If the *French* are again overthrown, it is impossible but they must make Peace, and that upon our own Terms——— If we are beaten, it is continuing the War, for we cannot, we must not give up this Cause— We can never lay down our Arms *without Spain*; it is the Essential, the Foundation of the War, and we can come to no honourable or advantagious Peace; *especially England*, till it be deliver'd up.

For Shame then, Gentlemen, let us be no more got with Child by this incestous amphibious Creature, this general Deceiver, call'd RUMOUR——— And to prevent it, let us leave off taking hold of Things by the Surface, and running away with the Out-side of a Story—Let us wait the Issue of Things, and see the Event; there is no doubt to be made, but the Event of Things will let you see, the *French* are beaten, and that not in this or that Fight so much, as they are beaten in the War——— The Weight of it crushes their very Kingdom, they grow old under it, and the Burthen is beyond their Strength— Here you conquer them, and here you will conquer them to the last, let your Loss of Men be what it will.

Be not flock-jobb'd then out of your Understandings, and your Apprehensions of Things run down by the Artifice of the Men of Fraud; let us look no more chagrin at the Battle, or be fill'd with Notions, that the *French* are in the Field again——— All this will die in a RUMOUR; and you may rest assur'd, that if they are in a Body in the Field again, as often as they let you see their Faces there, so often they will be be beaten there, let their Entrenchments be what they will, and let it cost us what Men it will——For we must beat them, or fight till we do.

To tell us the *French* are not beaten, because we have lost a great many Men—— That we have not the Victory, because we did not presently besiege *Mons*; nay, tho' it had not been thought fit to form that Siege at all; this is such a sorry Shift, such an ill cover'd Jest, that any Body will see through it; the Victory lies in the Weakness of the Armies to act after the Fight. Are we able to keep the Field still, and dare the *French* fight us again this Summer? If they dare do this, then it will be more proper to say they are not beaten——— If we have all the Trophies of the Field, which is the Show of Victory, and the superior Strength, which is yet the Substance of Victory, I cannot imagine, what Part of that Thing call'd Victory it is, the Enemy lays Claim to.

If they pretend we left more Men than they—Supposing it to be so, *whether it be so or no*, we will answer them to that, *LANDEN*. Did ye boast of the Victory there, or not? Was King *William* beaten there, or no? ——— If he was, the whole World knows, and the *French* King knows it, they left more than twice as many Men as the Confederates——yet no Body disputed the Victory to them; They sung *Te Deum* for it, they took *Charleroy* after it—and they had just the same Claim to it——— So that, by their own Law, they cannot dispute the Victory with us.

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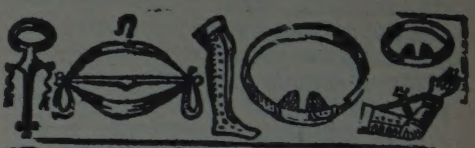

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